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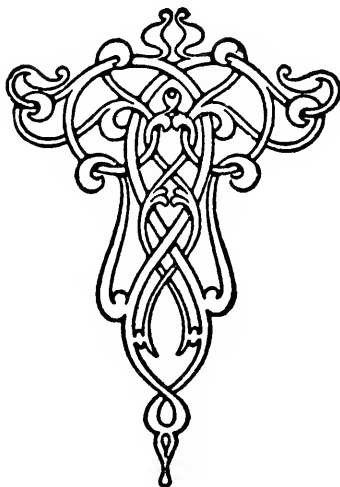






VERSES

By MARJORIE DYRENFORTH



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NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TEN

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NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TEN
BY
MARJORIE DYRENFORTH

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TO MY BROTHER



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IN THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY,
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TEN,
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To Father and Mother

TO FATHER AND MOTHER.

On Their Wedding Anniversary.

YOUR wedded years have numbered now
The total sum of three and twenty.
May Fate continue to endow
You both with blessings rich, in plenty.

As Nature lays her green aside
For softer shades of brown and yellow,
So may you gradually glide
Within life's twilight, soft and mellow.

And in this haven may you rest,
Long sheltered from all stormy weather;
Possessing that of all most blest—
A life of harmony together.

The Beacon

THE BEACON.

WHOSE humble dwelling crowns the rocks.
Of Borough-by-the-Sea?
Whose garden is it, edged with box,
So gay with phlox and hollyhocks,
And barred to whomsoever knocks?
'Tis that of Myra Lea.

The sun has sunk beyond the hill
With lingering regret.
The weary birds have ceased to trill,
The air is turning damp and chill,
And yonder lamp which gilds the sill
Projects her silhouette.

Unlike the village maids was she,
So simple, poor and plain.
She went her way, her heart as free
As was her birth from pedigree;
No suitor had poor Myra Lea,
No lover in her train,

Until at length there crossed the bar
Of Borough-by-the-Sea,
A vagrant vessel from afar,
Among whose crew a popular
And careless, serenading tar
Made love to Myra Lea.

The Beacon

The village cronies glanced askance
 Upon so strange a sight,
And gossiped on the circumstance;
But Myra, blessed with ignorance,
Advanced among them in a trance,
 Unconscious of their slight.

Thus April gave the reins to May,
 As Nature doth decree.
Yet ere there dawned the wedding day
The townsfolk murmured in dismay,
For lo! the ship had sailed away
 From Borough-by-the-Sea.

For many years yon lamp has burned,
 A beacon o'er the sea.
And all the while yon soul has yearned,
Whose eyes as yet have not discerned
The ship which never more returned
 To faithful Myra Lea.

The Joy of Living

THE JOY OF LIVING.

TIS the gladness,
Not the sadness,
Of this world should be reviewed.
Would each writer
Saw the brighter
Side, through glasses rosy-hued.
Let the cheerful
Buoy the tearful,
And the strong aid those who fall.
For the blessedness of giving
Is the blissfulness of living
To us all.

A New Year's Greeting

A NEW YEAR'S GREETING

FATHER Time, throughout the ages,
Regularly turns the pages
Of his volume. So again
A year is spent and nineteen ten
Appears upon a snowy leaf,
In prospect long, yet all too brief
Wherein to hold
Things manifold
Which one has planned to do.
And now this calendar is o'er,
And nineteen ten is at the door,
I wish there may be many more,
Replete with happiness, in store
For you.

To Katharine

TO KATHARINE

BLESSINGS on thee, little maid,
With face so fair and eyes so blue,
And lips upon which Nature laid
A touch of cherry's ripest hue.
The saucy dimples come and go
And play about thy dainty chin;
A glimpse of coquetry they show,
Sweet Katharine.

ROSAMOND

FROM out the twilit sky there fell
Twin stars as azure as the bell
In yonder dell.
And all the rosy-tinted morn
Of sunbeams, golden as the corn,
Was gently shorn:
So Fate decreed, that eyes and hair
Might be beyond compare.

The varied charms of every flower
Most revered in Nature's bower
Became her dower:
While jewels of the purest kind—
Chaste meditations, intertwined,
Instilled her mind.
Thus Nature touched but to adorn—
And Rosamond was born.

A SUFFRAGETTE

OLD King Sol arose one day,
Glanced o'er the world and far away,
When suddenly, high in the sky,
Fair Mistress Moon did he espy.

"What ho! What ho!" the monarch cried:
"Am I by Mistress Moon defied?
What! I, the ruler of the sky?—
How dares she thus my might defy?"

But Mistress Moon for Sol cared naught;
She cared not what he said nor thought;
But dozed, clad in her silver sheen,
As though King Sol she ne'er had seen.

Then old King Sol more angry grew,
And round about his sunbeams threw.
He vowed he'd melt fair Mistress Moon
In hottest rays of blazing noon.

The sunbeams shot to no avail;
The pale moon grew no whit more pale;
So Sol gave up in sheer despair,
And drove his chariot through the air.

And thus the mistress won the fight;
She's in the sky from morn till night:
No matter how the monarch scolds,
She knows her rights—her rights she holds.

G r a n n i e ' s K n i t t i n g

GRANNIE'S KNITTING

GRANNIE'S sitting with her knitting
By the window, in her chair,
In and out the needles flitting,
Barely pausing in the air.

All is cosy, bright and rosy
From the glowing grate near by.
Grannie feels a trifle dozy—
Shuts her eyes, and breathes a sigh.

Soon she's stirring; all unerring
Up she takes her work again.
And the sticks are fairly whirring,
Making up the time they've lain.

The Betrothal

THE BETROTHAL

“**S**EE, Lotta, thy lover is coming this way,
 Whilst there thou art dreamily sitting.
He’s bringing the ring with him now, I
dare say;

 So hasten to meet him
 And tenderly greet him,
My dear, in a manner befitting.”

Thus spoke Lotta’s mother, the forester’s wife,
 From the kitchen where, bent on her labor,
She skillfully handled her ladle and knife,
 The dainties preparing
 With effort unsparing,
Nor pausing while greeting a neighbor.

Tomorrow the feast of betrothal was due,
 And the air of the cottage was festive.
The larder was teeming with viand and brew;
 Yet Lotta, the bride,
 And the forester’s pride,
Was secretly, plaintively restive.

As Lotta, bewitching, in modest array,
 One morn had sat busily churning,
A handsome young huntsman had paused on
 his way;
 And shyly she laughed
 When he drank in a draught
Of the milk to an early returning.

The Betrothal

The heart of the maiden would flutter anew
With gladness whene'er she perceived him;
While he grew more ardent with each
interview,
Protesting devotion,
With tender emotion—
And trustingly Lotta believed him.

Then followed long days when he never
returned
To the maiden whose love he had taken—
Who wearily waited and constantly yearned.
While bitterly grieving
At slowly conceiving
Herself to be coldly forsaken.

Now, Forester Fritz and the miller were gay
At the pleasing result of their scheming;
(For Lotta had always been used to obey)
While Otto, enchanted
At having supplanted
All rivals, with rapture was beaming.

The day of betrothal was dismally gray,
And damp with the falling of showers.
The cottage was gay with abundant display
Of pewter and plate,
Never used but for state,
And sweet with the odor of flowers.

The Betrothal

With many a taper, as darkness advanced,
The cottage was brilliantly lighted.
The villagers came and both feasted and
danced,
 With many a toast
 To the hostess and host
And the couple whose troths had been
plighted.

Within all was merry and bright, while the
night
Grew wilder with crashes of thunder.
The heavens were rent by forked flashes of
light—
 When abruptly a shout
 From the darkness without
Brought all to a standstill in wonder.

“Who’s there?” cried the forester. “Enter, I
pray;
The more the more welcome and cheery.”
“I,” came the reply, “have mistaken my way.
For the castle I’m bound,
But I’ve ridden around
In a maze through the storm till I’m weary.”

“’Tis My Lord!” in amazement the forester
cried;
“The betrothed of her Highness! Believe
me,

The Betrothal

Your Lordship should bide for the storm to subside"—

“Nay, Forester, nay;
I must speed on my way;
Long since had they thought to receive me.”

The villagers clustered to watch him depart,
Applauding the pledge he was keeping;
But Lotta retired with tumultuous heart
To her chamber, where, prone,
By the casement, alone,
She gazed at him, blinded with weeping.

S p r i n g S o n g

SPRING SONG

LET cheer
 Banish tear,
 And bid smiles reappear,
 For the sunbeams have kissed
 Every vestige of mist
From the morn, and the robins are caroling
 clear
 In the tops of the trees,
 While the soft southern breeze
Is heralding widely that springtime is here.
 Rejoice
 Every voice,
 And as buoyantly sing
As the robins are singing a welcome to spring.

The Easter Bonnet

THE EASTER BONNET

MOST bewitching Easter bonnet!
Pink, with roses strewn upon it;
Frilled and laced,
And satin-faced—
Quickly she prepared to don it.

Clearly her determination
Was to own the fair creation;
Yet she tried
Her scheme to hide
With an air of hesitation.

Suddenly—he'll not deny it—
When he saw her archly try it,
Then and there
And scarce aware,
He had plead that he might buy it.

MACKINAC WOODS

WHERE shall we wander?
Where fancy leads,
Afar off yonder
Where no one heeds.
Along the trail where
The woods are deep,
And balsam-steeped air
Induces sleep.

The shades are longer
As on we go;
The scent is stronger,
And, ere we know,
Our steps grow slower,
Our eyelids lower,
As, breeze caressed,
The balsams o'er us
Breathe low, in chorus,
A drowsy "Rest."

Twilight at Mackinac

TWILIGHT AT MACKINAC

THE west is aglow at the kiss of the sun;
The indolent sails that went roaming
Come lazily home, now the day is done
To anchor at length in the gloaming.

The birds are at vespers high up in the trees;
The balsams are crooning a blessing;
The water, now brushed by the breath of the
breeze,
Is dimpling beneath its caressing.

The lights of the harbor gleam one by one;
The glow with the gloaming is blending;
And over the world, now the dusk is done,
The shadow of night is descending.

An October Day

AN OCTOBER DAY

OH, the autumn leaves are flying,
And the plaintive wind is sighing,
For the late October day is damp and
dreary;
But we care not what the weather be
When gathered here together we
Draw closer to the fire,
While the flames leap higher, higher,
And the atmosphere within is warm and
cheery.

The Season's End

THE SEASON'S END

Youth

AUTUMN is heralding Hallowe'en
Hasten today, welcome tomorrow.
Harvest is ripe and the blast is keen—
Hasten today, welcome tomorrow.
Life is the veriest merriest thing!
What are the joys which the morrow will
bring?
Winter and snow and so-ho! we sing—
Hasten today, welcome tomorrow.

Age

Autumn is heralding fall o' year—
Linger today, tomorrow is sorrow.
Winter of life is now drawing near—
Linger today, tomorrow is sorrow.
Leaves as they fall are as lives that are spent,
Sapped of their strength, seared, useless and
rent.
The summit is gained; begun the descent—
Linger today, tomorrow is sorrow.

SNOW-FLAKES

THE wintry wind went racing
Over mountain, over wold,
And the many mortals facing
It were shivering with cold;
When a little spirit overhead
Wrapped snugly in its featherbed
Looked down upon the world and said:
 "Now why not spare
 A bit and share
Our comforts with them all down there?"
 And so
The featherbeds went overflowing,
 And lo!
The mortals said that it was snowing!

A Christmas Card

A CHRISTMAS CARD

SING a song of Christmas time—
Mistletoe and Hollyberry!
Lend an ear unto my rhyme,
Bidding you be very merry;
Trusting the ensuing year
May fulfill each wish most dear,
Adding to it every cheer
And rejoicing—
Hereby voicing
All my wishes, most sincere.

The Man in the Moon

THE MAN IN THE MOON

WHAT a placid old man is the man in the moon—

Heigh-ho! Isn't it so?

He goes sailing along in his silver balloon
While the clouds scurry round in a weird
rigadoon

To the restless, tempestuous wind's shrilly
tune—

Heigh-ho!

His inscrutable mien is sedately serene—

Heigh-ho! Isn't it so?

As he lazily sails on his endless routine,
Unconcerned, though the elements fiercely
convene;

A prince paramount of his lofty demesne—

Heigh-ho!

Sing a Song of Happiness

SING A SONG OF HAPPINESS

WHEREFORE sit a-grieving
When a thing goes wrong?
Though vexations come, they
Never linger long.

So
Look upon the bright side
And sing another song;
What's the use of worrying
When little things go wrong?

Some are prone to ponder
Why mishaps befall;
Some are wont to wonder
Why they live at all.

So
To them who sing of sorrow,
Whose days are dull and gray,
Sing a song of happiness
And drive their care away.

To a Miniature

TO A MINIATURE

THOU bit of ivory incased in gold,
With muslin fichu, filmy cap so sheer;
A reminiscence of the days of old:
That slender, oval face, with blue eyes clear,
Which fain would speak, yet leave words still
untold;
Framed by rich auburn tresses, falling low
On slender snow, white throat and muslin fold,
With tendrils clinging to the classic brow.
The satin cheek is as the damask rose,
Embellished by the tender flush of youth;
And in each feature of that artless pose
Appear incarnate, purity and truth:
Yet now those mobile lips have ceased to move
Which erstwhile framed and uttered words of
love.

IN ARCADY

I CHANCED upon an avenue
Where Love and Youth were playing;
Youth hearkening as Love did woo,
Instinctively obeying.
 Entranced,
 I glanced,
And then advanced,
The brighter for delaying.

THE WIND-FLOWER

A WIND came up from out the sea,
And, rustling through a glade,
Espied a wee anemone
A-growing there beneath a tree,
And nestling in its shade.

“Ah! pretty flower, ah! gentle flower,”
Quoth he, with pleasing grace,
“Why dost thou lie there hour by hour,
When I might take thee to a bower
More suited to thy face?”

“Thou art most kind, oh gracious Sir,
And yet I greatly fear
That should I from this hollow stir
Into the world’s great busy whir,
I’d pine within the year.”

“That shouldst thou not,” the bold wind said;
And flattered her, and sighed;
Then, failing thus, he softly plead,
Until her heart with pity bled,
And blushing she complied.

Alas! again the wind blew past
Within the very hour;
His passing fancy could not last,
And so unto the earth he cast
The tender little flower.

The Wind - Flower

Ah, woe is me! ah, woe is me!"

The stricken blossom cried;

"I should have stayed at home with thee,
Thou sheltering and kindly tree."

And then she smiled and died.

SONNY

HE'S my only little sonny;
And the sweetest ever born.
Just as sweet as clover honey
And as sunny as the morn.

Sunny curls and sunny smile,
Dancing dimples that beguile,
Coming, going all the while—
Sunbeams every one.

Soon my little one must grow;
Curls and dimples both must go.
Oh, that I might keep him so—
Just a little son!

THE CHAPERON SPEAKS

FOURTEENTH day of February!
Maids and bachelors be wary
When a certain subtle fairy
Launches forth his darts.

Some, as I've heard tell, deride him;
Some, as well, have quite defied him;
One and all we've ne'er espied him
Practicing his arts.

For elusive is this fairy,
Airy, wary, arbitrary.
So take care lest he ensnare ye
In his game of Hearts.

IN MY LADY'S CHAMBER

(My Lady (drowsily))

OPEN the casement, Anne, that I
May bathe mine eyes in morning dew
And lend mine ears unto the cry
Of the blithesome thrush in yonder yew.

Tire-woman (throwing open the casement)

Your Ladyship, the morn is fair;
The thrushes sing where the yew tree sighs,
And the garden roses scent the air.
Will your Ladyship be pleased to rise?

My Lady (wearily)

Ah me! my head doth sorely ache,
So leave me, Anne, you need not wait.
Methinks I did too early wake.
Go fetch my dish of chocolate.

Tire-woman (lingering)

My Lady, straightway do I go,
And yet might I make bold to say
My Lord hath wandered to and fro
Since faintest flush of break o' day.

My Lady (petulantly)

An' think you that I wish to know
In what strange way my Lord doth spend
His valuable time? Nay—go,
And seek your forward ways to mend!

I n M y L a d y ' s C h a m b e r

Tire-woman (aside)

La! Here's a pretty pot o' fish!
My Lord in grievance down below—
My Lady here with ne'er a wish
His Lordship's whereabouts to know.

(exit)

My Lady (soliloquizing)

Ah, heaven! Wherefore did I leave
My parents' roof for such as this!
Where I am left alone to grieve
Whilst he doth gallivant, I wis.

I'll not submit—I'll not remain—
I'll hie me thither with but Anne!
His pleading shall be all in vain.
I will not hearken to the man.

(wistfully)

The morn doth scarce appear so fair
As Anne remarked on looking out.
But, hist!—a step upon the stair—
I wonder what my Lord's about!

(eagerly)

Mayhap he thinks me still asleep!
Perchance'tis he upon the stair!
In truth I'll through the key-hole peep
And note his Lordship unaware.

'Tis nearing now my very door—
La, what a most uncertain state!
'Tis here—Anne! Ah, you fearful bore—
Nay, I'll not taste the chocolate!

I n M y L a d y ' s C h a m b e r

Tire-woman (coaxingly)

Come, take, I pray your Ladyship,
A morsel of this light repast.
Of chocolate but take a sip
To break your Ladyship's long fast.

My Lord (without)

Egad! Will not my Lady eat?
Come hither, Anne, present her this.

My Lady

Ah, heaven! how my heart doth beat—
Is aught, Anne, with my robe amiss?

Tire-woman

Your Ladyship, my Lord hath sent,
To tempt your dainty appetite,
These berries, trusting you have spent
A restful, quite unwakeful night.

My Lady (joyfully)

Oh, Anne, you saucy minx, away!
Nor stand thus lingering to prate!
Arrange this curl and this—but nay!
I'll have my Lord no longer wait.

My Lord (entering)

My lady-love! Ay, verily
'Tis love which overcometh wrath.
Come—don thy gown and stroll with me
A-down the dew-kissed garden path.

Curtain.

SPEAKING OF INCUBATORS

OLD Mother Plymouth Rock affirms:
While incubators "do,"
They cannot scratch about for worms
As Mother does for you.

They're popular, as I've heard tell,
These queer new-fangled things;
And yet withal they can't excel
Your mother's ample wings.

A Hunt on the Mountain

A HUT ON THE MOUNTAIN

Written in 1900

HIGH up on the mountain side, covered
with vines,
Stands the hut where the wood-cutters
bide;
Where at length they tramp wearily home
through the pines
To sit watching the coming eventide.

The housewife in apron and cap makes the
broth,
While the men tell their stories outside;
The table she spreads with a snowy white cloth
For the meal of the still eventide.

The hut now is cold and deserted and still;
No longer it glows 'mid the pines:
No longer lie crumbs for the birds on the sill—
But still it stands, covered with vines.

The Daffodil

THE DAFFODIL

Written in 1901

The Child

PRETTY little daffodil,
Growing on the grassy hill,
Oh, just let me gather thee—
Thou'rt so sweet and fresh to see.

The Flower

Prithee, little maiden dear,
Do not pluck me, for I fear
That I should be cast away
Ere there dawned another day.

LOCHINVAR UP TO DATE

OH! Albert Clarke Raleigh's come out of
the west,
Like young Lochinvar, a fair lady his
quest;
And save Cupid's arrows, he weapons had
none;
He came all unarmed, and he came all alone,
To carry off Jessie McCutcheon afar,
To the mounts of Montana, this young
Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Binderton hall,
Among bridesmen and kinsmen, and brothers
and all.
So stately his form and so charming her face
That never a hall such a couple did grace.
The bride, with a smile, tossed her shower
bouquet,
And amid a rice hailstorm they hastened away.

One touch to her hand and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, and the
motor stood near.
So light to the tonneau the lady he swung,
So light to the cushions beside her he sprung.
"She is won—we are gone over bank, bush and
scaur
On our honeymoon journey!" quoth young
Lochinvar.

A TOKEN

THE wine shop in the ancient rue Condé
Resounded with a merry, motley throng,
Assembled there to while the hours away
In low debauchery with wine and song.

Presiding at the counter, old Marie
Gazed sullenly upon the sordid scene
Of low carousal, carnal revelry,
No smile upon her sour and jaded mien.

A woman passed, and from her arms a child
Gazed innocently on the revelry;
Then, from its throne, turned back and
sweetly smiled
Upon the hardened face of old Marie.

And she, who in long years had never smiled,
Acknowledged then the tribute of a child.

A n A c c e p t a n c e

AN ACCEPTANCE

IN pleasant contemplation
I accept your invitation
For the afternoon of Tuesday on the
twenty-first of May.
With decided trepidation
I shall polish up my wits.
For the witty
Of the city '
Will be gathered on that day.
Then all haste to my dress-maker,
With materials to take her,
For a special new creation—
Let us only hope it fits!

REGRETS

Homeward bound on the S. S. Graf Waldersee
Reply to J. W.'s "Tea-party invitation."

A previous engagement forces me to stay
away.

Believe me, I am quite as disappointed
as can be.

Perhaps, if I'm invited, I will come some other
day,

Behind the ventilator, on the upper deck to
tea.

Your vis-à-vis
M. D.

A n I n v i t a t i o n

AN INVITATION

(*Mackinac*)

BENNET Hall—
With keen anticipation,
I extend this invitation
To you all.

As the day is bleak and dreary,
And there's nothing much to do;
Come and help me make it cheery
With a cup of tea or two.

There's a chance it may be other
Than a tea—don't know as yet;
All arrangements left to Mother—
But do come, and don't forget.

To the Bride

TO THE BRIDE

DAN Cupid hath a passion,
In his quaint, capricious fashion,
For the subtle rôle of go-between, nor
will he be denied.

Thus through him is love requited,
Troths are plighted, hearts united.
Here's a tribute then to Cupid, and a health
unto the Bride!

R e t r i b u t i o n

RETRIBUTION

Or The Selfish Owl

THE owl glanced up at the wet round moon
And "Tu-whit!" quoth he,
"'Tis plain to see
That a storm is brewing; 'twill be here soon;
So I'll shelter me
In yon hollow tree."

Two owlets came to the hollow tree.
"Pray, do not say
That we may not stay,"
They plead, but the old owl cried "Tu-whee!"
And turned them away
Without delay.

The heavens blackened, the wild wind blew,
The lightning flashed
And the thunder crashed,
But the old owl chuckled and cried "Tu-whoo!"
All unabashed
As the Furies lashed.

And the owlets wandered to and fro,
While the owl in glee
From the hollow tree
Laughed as he watched them turn to go,
And "Tu-whit!" quoth he,
Right merrily.

R e t r i b u t i o n

Quoth the owl "Tu-whooh! and glad am I
That I sheltered me
Thus thoughtfully!"
When a flaming bolt from the storm-swept sky
Struck suddenly
At the hollow tree.

When the storm had passed, and through a
haze
The moon shone bright
On a peaceful night,
The little owlets came to gaze
On the sorry sight
Of the old owl's plight.

The Morning Star

THE MORNING STAR

IMPATIENT, worn, fatigued, I lie from
want of rest,
Tossing upon my bed when sleep has
ceased:

Riding delirious upon a billow's crest.

When, lo! I look into the brightening east,
And there I see, high in the heavens afar,
Shining, glorious, the morning star.

I raise myself. I look with joy upon the light;
How peaceful and how still the planet seems!
My lids grow heavy with the restful sight;
I slowly drift into the land of dreams.
Yet still I seem to see in heaven afar,
Shining, beauteous, the morning star.

DEW-FALL

A shadow's fallen on the sun,
And on a cheek a tear
Lies dew-like, now the day is done,
And slumber time is near.

The zephyr with its sobbing sigh
Comes whispering at the pane,
And breathes a tender lullaby,
Then steals away again.

The moon is full of misty tears;
The stars are blinking, too;
And o'er the drowsy world appears
A coverlet of dew.

Come, cuddle down and snuggle down,
For slumber time is here;
And Sleepy Town will smooth the frown
And dry away the tear.

BY-LO

TWILIGHT is here and the wee stars show—
Heigh-ho, sing by-lo—
Wee weary eyelids are drooping low—
Heigh-ho, sing by-lo—
Someone I know is ready to go
Off to the garden where fantasies grow;
Hush-a-by, rock-a-by, isn't it so?
Heigh-ho, sing by-lo—

The Dream-boat we'll take with its phantom
crew—
Heigh-ho, sing by-lo—
You and Mother, dear, just we two—
Heigh-ho, sing by-lo—
Then off we will sail on the Sea of Dew
Till the shores of Dreamland come to view;
Hush-a-by, rock-a-by, isn't it true?
Heigh-ho, sing by-lo.

A n I d l e L a y

AN IDLE LAY

WHILE I lay idly whiling
Sunny springtime hours away—
For the hammock was beguiling
And the day was one in May—

Oh, I might have written many
Things—the thoughts were in my head—
But I never finished any
For—I went to sleep instead.

Dorothy Trott and the Spider

DOROTHY TROTT AND THE SPIDER

MISS Dorothy Trott,
In her pink polkadot,
Was up in the attic at play,
When she gave a great scream,
For down from a beam
A spider was making his way.
“Ah—ha!” said the spider,
“I’ll sit down beside her
As I sat by Miss Muffet one day!”
But Miss Dorothy Trott
Said, “Well, I guess not!”
And the spider was killed right away.

TOMMY LOVEJOY

OH, Tommy Lovejoy
Was an angel-faced boy
Who always said "Please" and "No,
thank you."
Whose mother was never—
That is, hardly ever—
Compelled to say, "Mind, or I'll spank you!"
His heart was so kind
That one day he confined
His dog in the closet to whimper.
"Because he will shout
With joy to get out,"
Said Tommy Lovejoy with a simper.

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Angelica Milde

ANGELICA MILDE



ANGELICA Milde

Was a credulous child
Immune from all effort to joke her;
Whose father preferred
To bridge whist, I have heard,
The older diversion of poker.

One morning while shaking
Her poor little quaking
Angora, she cried "What a pity!
It simply won't come,
And 'twas such a big sum
That Daddy put into the kitty."

NAUGHTY BILLY

THE time our rector came to tea
He ate up all the angel food,
And Billy was so mad that he
Just up and hollered "Hully Gee!
There ain't a single bit for me!"
And Pa said, "Silence! Don't be rude!"

And then there was an awful scene,
'Cause Pa was mad and Ma was sad;
But Billy hid behind the screen,
And, "What's the difference between
Them two?" he said to Mr. Green.
"Why, Ma's madame and Pa's d——n mad."

And Mr. Green was shocked, and then
He never came to tea again.

L u l l a b y L a n d

LULLABY LAND

OH, Lullaby Land is a wonderful place;
The trees are all trimmed with a spun
sugar lace;

There are ginger-bread houses with candy-
cane lanes,
And for common conveyances, rocking-chair
trains.

The jungles are brimful of animals rare,
And the king of them all is an old Teddy Bear.

So, ho! for the mystical, air-castled shore
Of Lullaby Land with its fairy folk-lore.
Where merry old Santa Claus rules his domain
In the principal highway called Evergreen
Lane.

Away on the trail, for it's not very far
If you follow the tail of a wee shooting star.

The Manx Cat

THE MANX CAT

POOOR tailless pussy cat! if I
Were only very rich,
The very first thing I would buy
Would be for you a switch;
And where your tail should grow, I'd try
The little switch to hitch—oh, my!
But what a pretty pussy cat
You'd be if I could just do that!

The Village Cobbler

THE VILLAGE COBBLER

THE cobbler plies, with a tick-tack-too,
His magic tools on the leathern shoe,
And pulls his needle through and through
With worthy industry,

Till candle lighting time draws near,
And shining stars through the dusk appear,
When work is done and all is cheer——
A merry merry man is he.

When Miss Helen Goes A-Walking

WHEN MISS HELEN GOES A-WALKING

Written in 1900

WHEN Miss Helen goes a-walking,
You can hear the people talking
Of her figure, and her grace,
And her pretty oval face.

When she walks without her mother
All the lads can see no other.
Quick they whisper, "Here she comes!"
And bring forth their sugar plums.

If at one she glances kindly,
Back he crowds the others blindly.
Bliss with her to stroll and talk
When Miss Helen goes to walk.

Heart o' Mine

HEART O' MINE

THE mother bird is cooing all her little ones
to rest
'Neath the swaying hemlock branches,
in the lofty-hanging nest.
And the evening zephyr, crooning, rocks it
gently to and fro,
While the glow worms in the darkness light
their lanterns down below.

Hush-a-by, 'tis slumber time
Heart o' mine.
Close each eye for there's the chime,
Heart o' mine,
Of the curfew tolling eight
Oh, the sandman's very late,
But we have not long to wait,
Heart o' mine.

The starlit world is silent and the dew is on the
lea;
The tardy moon is peering cautiously above
the sea;
And the fireflies are flitting to the crickets'
serenade,
While the lonely owl is roaming in the dark,
deserted glade.

Heart o' Mine

Hush-a-bye, 'tis slumber time,
Heart o' mine.
Close each eye for there's the chime,
Heart o' mine,
Of the curfew tolling eight—
Oh, the sandman's very late!
But we have not long to wait,
Heart o' mine.

EVENSONG

THE lady moon is sailing on her way
Among the clouds of gray.
The little stars are blinking wearily
At you and me.
Come, close your eyes and hear the crickets'
song.
They too will sleep ere long.
And every little bird is in its nest,
At rest, at rest.

The low wind lisps a drowsy lullaby
And wafts the night owl's cry.
The evening mists are falling stealthily
O'er land and sea.
Come, close your eyes and journey toward the
shore
Of Dreamland folk and lore.
The moon will guide you by her silver light —
Good-night, good-night!

M a r g i n s o f t h e D a y

MARGINS OF THE DAY

THE dawn has come, as o'er the heavens a
rosy light
Steals lovingly, dispelling one by one
The truant stars, last vestige of a waning
night,
Proclaiming to the world a day begun.

The dusk has come, as from the fading dome
of sky
The sun drops hidden in a bank of cloud.
The silver moon appears, at first but pale and
shy,
And darkness wraps the world as in a
shroud.

Au Revoir

AU REVOIR.

WE mourn not the leaves in the fall of the
year,
For we know,
 Though the snow
 Bids them vanish, that lo!
Ere long with the robin's song they will appear.

And thus will it be with our halcyon hours, -
 For although
 We all go
 Divers ways, oh! I know
We shall all meet again with the bloom of the
flowers.





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